the table. Potted plants fill the tiny window; alone the electric light with its wiring disturbs the picture.

In the kitchen the covered range has almost completely banished the open fire, but the chimney-place is still often vaulted. It is called the "heaven", although covered with oily, shining soot and black as hell. But this heaven does not "hang full of violins", but full of sides of smoked bacon and sausages. In the dairy the wooden cream dishes have given place to the centrifugal separator and metal utensils. But the butter-tub, in which the butter is made by churning or pounding, still remains.

Except on feast days the peasants' diet is sparingly supplied with meat but rich in fat. *Knödel* (dumplings), small cakes, dough-nuts, stewed fruit and *Schmarrn* (a sort of broken-up pancake), thick soup and potatoes make up the simple, healthy fare. All eat from one dish. Grace is said before and after meals. Occasionally there will be butter and bacon to eat with the black bread which the true peasant bakes himself.

Much more could be told of the peasantry of Tyrol, of cowsheds, haylofts and threshing floors, of the ricks of hay and corn, of forestry and hunting, of mountain pastures, cow pastures and hay-fields, of sheep-pens and shearing, of fences, gates and stiles. How many townfolk know that a proper fence, like a peasant house built in the old manner, needs no nails and no scrap of iron? What do they know of the customs at weddings and baptisms?

For the farmer, his "*loden*" cape of coarse, woollen cloth is sufficient even when the weather is coldest. He must be able to move his arms freely, and at work in the open he does not feel the cold. In the house he goes about in shirt-sleeves. When he is abroad he carries an enormous gamp to protect him from the rain.

The farmer's wife wears long dresses almost suggesting a nun's habit, covered on weekdays by a blue working apron. On Sundays she dons her special finery—

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Viennese woman has never been a fashion plate but always a lady of fashion. Dress, hat and accessories are never allowed to extinguish the personal note. The last court of appeal is the general picture reflected by the mirror, not the fashion columns in the newspaper, nor the illustrated fashion periodical—not even what other women are wearing.

If the Viennese woman sees that something dictated by fashion does not suit her, this only fires her ambition. If large hats are absolutely unsuited to her type of face she will oppose them with courage and resource until the small hat which she finally chooses is preferred by everyone, in defiance of the current mode, as unique and charming. And if the fashionable colours are green and purple the Viennese girl who finds that they do not suit her hair or the colour of her skin will never capitulate or surrender with a sigh, but will search until she has found something between turquoise and terra cotta which is exactly the right shade for her.

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The Italian wedge shoe with its stressing of form has found its way quite automatically to the slender-ankled foot, while it is certain that more firmly developed legs will balance their way through the streets on the narrow surface of graceful Parisian high-heeled shoes. Fashion may show a preference for flat heels; they will be boycotted in individual cases where they

●291 do not give satisfaction. The tall woman is delighted to accept the advice from a high-class dressmaker that she should choose the long-skirted model with narrow waist; the shorter girl would never in Vienna fall to the ambition of imitating her. The latter would, it is true, have her dress as long as she can reasonably carry it, but at the same time she would cleverly distract attention from her lack of inches—perhaps with a belt, a daring lack of symmetry in the cut, or a piece of artistic embroidery, without anyone noticing that she has tried to *corriger la fortune*.

The Vienna blouse is a traditional speciality which all women love to wear. Made of billowing georgette, muslin, lace or real silk, its rich hand embroidery, frills, a Mozart ruff, a biedermeier jabot or intricate pleating makes it a delicate creation of Viennese good taste, yet at the same time the antithesis of the assertion that there is nothing new on earth.

The conception of the "smart Viennese" was born of the "Jersey" (woollen) dress, a product of the twentieth century, a costume for every hour of the day. Plain and severe for business wear, smart and chic for the Derby, quiet and

291 unobtrusive for visits, pleasingly gracious for the five o'clock tea-dance, the Jersey dress is today a treasured and indispensable item in every woman's outfit. The summer companion of the Jersey dress on its recruiting campaign round the world is called "*Mode à la tyrolienne*". This mixture of motives from old national costumes, bright colours, summer comfort and bubbling effervescence is the most alluring dress for every holiday occasion.

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One word on the skill of handicraft without which Vienna fashions would be unthinkable. That talent which is at once inborn and acquired is to be found in the smart showrooms, the art ateliers and equally at the simple milliner's or in the cutter